



[locked/work]
Well, that's it
then.



standuponit
 **standuponit**

<https://standuponit.livejournal.com/2010-08-12> 15:14:00

MOOD: 🤨 determined

MUSIC: Basia Bulat - Heart Of My Own

Sorry to spring this on you while you're on vacation, Harpy. But I had a checkup on Monday and a retest yesterday (pass/fail?) and I figured you wouldn't want to wait to hear.

So without further ado:

BUN: 23 mg/dL

Creatinine: 1.3 μ /dL

Bilirubin (Total): 1.1 mg/dL

Phosphatase: 70 units

Proteins:

Total 8.6 gm/dL

Albumin 5.5 gm/dL

Globulin 3.1 gm/dL

Transaminase:

Alanine (ALT) 55 units/L

Aspartate (AST) 50 units/L

Prothrombin (PTT) 30 sec

Yeah, I've got a consult with Dr. Srinivasan tomorrow. It's all good; this is nothing unexpected, and it's nothing that needs treatment yet. Just increasing attention to diet and hydration.

And probably cutting back on caffeine and alcohol. Or maybe "curtailing" would be a better word.

But my triglycerides are great! And so is my blood glucose! And hell, it's not like it's liver or kidney failure. It's just all having to work a little harder than before.

I could live another twenty years yet.

And if I have anything to say about it, I'm *gonna*.

TAGS: lamest superpower ever



Random holiday cookie recipe is random.

"Peeling Bells" cookies: This is a thing my mom used to do. 2 cups flour 6 tbsp butter 3/4 cup sugar 1

Away with the dull drudgery of workaday tiday waves!


I believe this is a significant advance in pot pie technology. Make your pie crust. Par-cook

As easy as-- no, really.

I was talking about the chicken pot pie I was making on Twitter, and it turns out, a lot of people

21 comments



 **trollcatz**

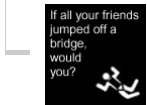
August 12 2010, 19:27:56 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oh, Platypus. Okay, you know how there's a difference between "expected" and "yeah, this thing right here"? I dunno how I could have been expecting this and STILL be expecting something different, but I kinda was.

Shit, I wish I was there. Want me to call? Or would having me flail and wobble be counterproductive?

Shall I quit caffeine with you? We can be the decaf twins. You need at least two people on a pot of coffee, or it gets burnt/cold/otherwise sub-optimal.



 **standupnit**

August 12 2010, 19:33:23 UTC

COLLAPSE

I'm good. It's good. I've had two days to get used to it. And I talked to Mom. Because I needed time off for the second blood draw. So that's handled.

I mean there's a little oh shit, of course, but it's... it's all still early days, right? Plenty of time left to buy.

I wish *I* was *there.* Then you couldn't go top-roping without me! Although all three of us on the Andreoli's sofa bed would probably be counterproductive in terms of your romantic getaway.

...quit caffeine? You would do that? For me?




 **standupnit**

August 12 2010, 19:38:55 UTC


COLLAPSE

That's "the Andreoli" like "the MacDonald of MacDonald," if that wasn't clear. Accent on the the.

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 19:52:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Completely clear. You've met T's mom--there's no other way to read that phrase. *g*

 [trollcatz](#)


[August 12 2010, 19:51:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I would do that. We could whine in chorus, then be insufferably superior about our virtue, and everybody else would hate us. But that's okay, 'cause we'd still have US! <3

I'm extra-worried about the fact that it's not just a few tests that are OOR, but pretty much everything (thank you, little globulin, we appreciate your efforts), and the fucking prothrombin. That freaks me right the hell out. But I'll totally be there with the pressure and elevation and shit if you need me, right? So I'll skillfully disguise the freaking, because otherwise you'll hit me.

And yeah, it's early days. And you're tough as a lineman's boot. My money's on you, as always.



 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 19:55:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You're on. Their apparent hate is merely disguised envy. (We'll quit when I get back from Zion, right?)

Except for the pressure and elevation. We're going to avoid that. (This is the summer when you don't have to save my life, remember? We made a pact. Next summer, though, back at it!)

It's kind of a relief in some ways. Like hey, that shoe dropped. Don't have to keep an eye on it anymore.

And in others it's a bloody nuisance.

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:23:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Definitely after. Gotta have that last coffee-over-the-campfire binge, dude.

Oh, right--pact! No shooting, stabbing, falling off of things, being hit by falling things, strangulation, burning, freezing, or any other contact with potentially damaging objects or conditions to the extent of causing grievous bodily harm. I've got the contract around here somewhere...

I wouldn't call it a relief, exactly, but I know what you mean. It's a little like when you think you've broken a bone, but you're not sure; once you get the x-ray and find out, yes, you have, you can stop worrying about whether you're doing the right things for it.

And yeah, nuisance. I'll try not to add to that, but you just *know* I'm going to step over the hovering line at some point. I promise not to take the resulting response personally.




 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:25:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll try not to respond personally, then.

Hey. We're going to be okay. For a long time yet. Right?



 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:30:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Right, bro. Here's to us in 2040, collaborating on a tell-all memoir!

Oh, except Duke will probably beat us to it, and all we'll have is old news. Booo!




 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:34:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You can push my chair around the Old Special Agent's Home.



 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 19:49:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh hey, did you see?

<http://www.ontopmag.com/article.aspx?id=6210&MediaType=1&Category=26>

I think you and T. should get married in every state.

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:01:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Woohoo! Oh, man, Santa Barbara. Morro Bay. Cambria. Because hey, if you're gonna get married in CA, there should be beach in your wedding photos, right?

(Okay, or El Capitan. But if it's that or beach, T would pick beach every time. *g*)



 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:03:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I love you guys.



 [standuponit](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:03:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Excuse me. I mean, "I hate you. Where's my wedding cake?"

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:26:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Well, it's not like you want ME to bake one! Hey, how many flavors of wedding cake do you want to try? Are there fifty? We could match them to the state! Raisins for California. Orange for Florida, with extra nyah-nyah-nyah sprinkles on top. *g*



 [standup on it](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:28:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Peaches for Georgia, barbecue for Texas.

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:32:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Barbeque-flavored wedding cake? Hey, you bake it, I'll eat it. *g*

Wisconsin is Tres Leches, obviously.

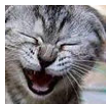


 [standup on it](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:35:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Obviously.

Hawaii is ... coffeecake!



 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:38:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(With macadamia nuts! *g*)



 [standup on it](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:37:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Chocolate chile for New Mexico?

 [trollcatz](#)

[August 12 2010, 20:39:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Damn, now I want to get married in New Mexico. :>p-----

Random holiday cookie recipe is random.

"Peeling Bells" cookies: This is a thing my mom used to do. 2 cups flour 6 tbsp butter 3/4 cup sugar 1

Away with the dull drudgery of workaday tiday waves!

I believe this is a significant advance in pot pie technology. Make your pie crust. Par-cook

As easy as-- no, really.

I was talking about the chicken pot pie I was making on Twitter, and it turns out, a lot of people